

The Pinkerton Critic



December, 1936

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The Pinkerton Critic

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CRITIC STAFF—1936-1937

EDITORIAL STAFF

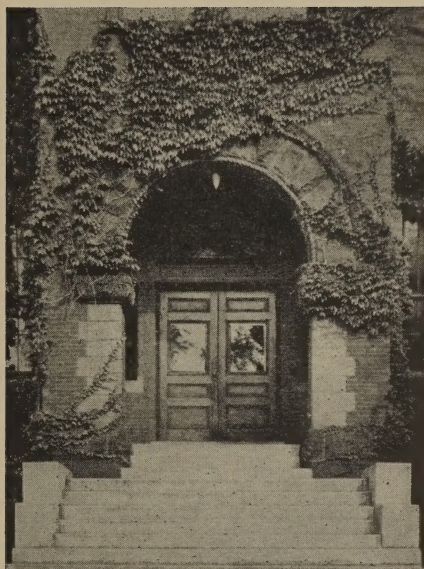
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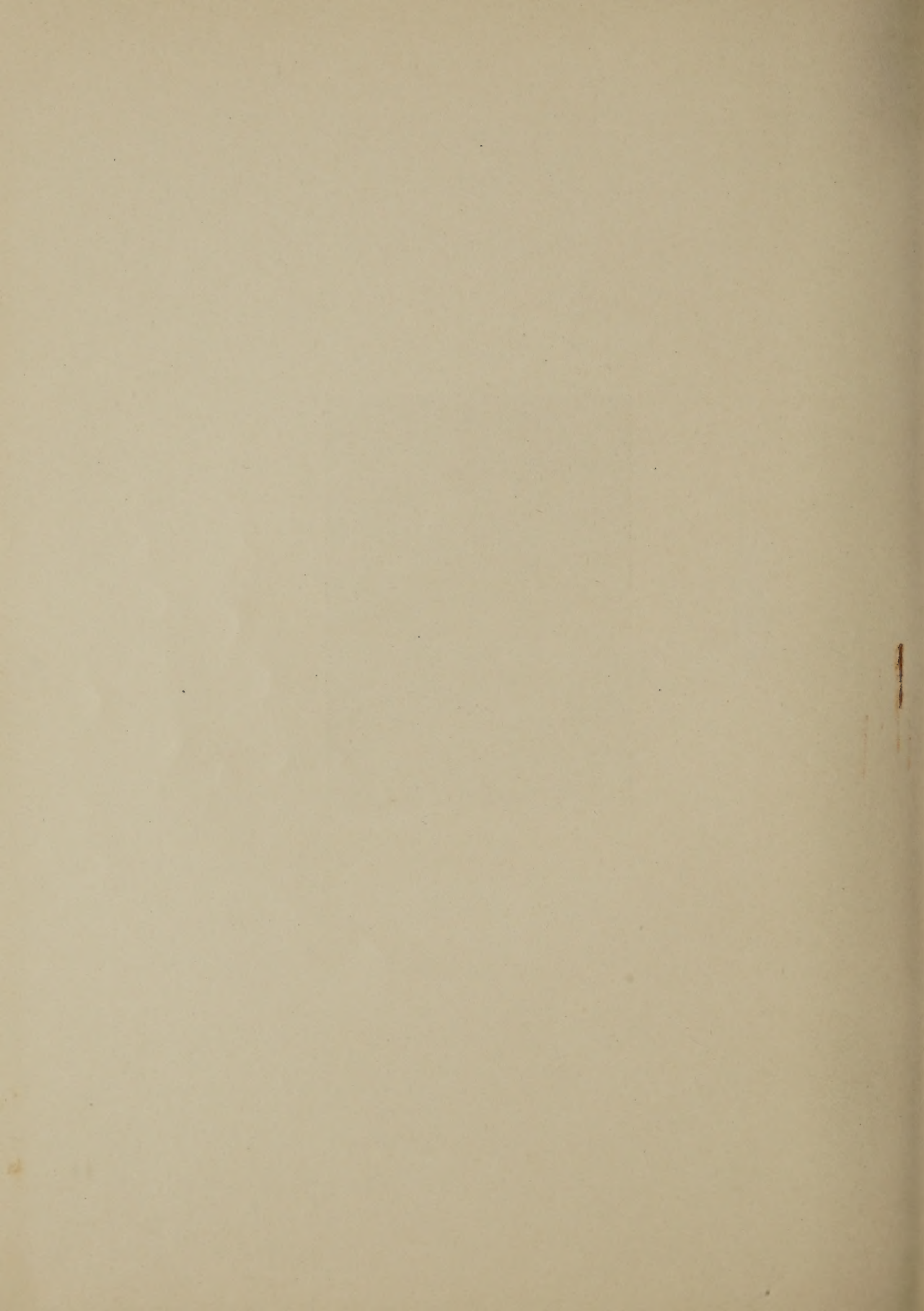
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FACULTY ADVISER

MARIAN L. BILLINGS





FRENCH SECTION

Le Printemps

Qu'est-ce que je vois là dans le bois?
Petits oiseaux charmants
Les fleurs de mai, les grandes pierres
Peut-être les feuilles fleurantes.

Mais quand vient le printemps gai,
On chante on danse, on rit,
Et dans le bois la nature reigné
Allons, pour voir son prix.

Son prix? La joie des oiseaux gais
Qui volent au firmament
Leurs chansons douces qui clairement sonnent
Dans les collines roulantes.

Gail Clark '37

Les Sports de la France

En France il n'y a pas un sport national comme aux Etats-Unis ou comme en Angleterre. Mais cela ne veut pas dire que la France est sans sports, parce que les Français les aiment beaucoup.

Presque toutes les écoles ou lycées pour les garçons, leur permettent à jouer au football, mais ils ne le jouent pas comme nous autres Américains. C'est pour eux seulement un amusement et pas une compétition.

Alors il y a des sports qui sont joués par les gens riches seulement, le tennis, le golf et l'escrime. La raison pour cela est que ces sports coûtent très cher en France.

Mais il y a un amusement ou un sport qu'on aime partout. C'est la chasse et il y a beaucoup d'occasions de faire cela.

En effet, il y a une occasion pour les sports partout en France. Il y a des endroits où on peut jouer à tous les sports que j'ai mentionnés.

La promenade est aussi un amusement favori des Français. Et parce qu'il n'y a pas une abondance d'autos, on peut faire une promenade n'importe quand et n'importe où.

Mais vraiment l'amusement favori de tous les Français,

c'est la conversation.

On pense que si on peut bien parler, il ne faut pas perdre du temps en jouant aux cartes ou au "Monopoly". On pense que ces jeux-ci sont seulement pour ceux qui ne savent pas parler. Chaque Français parle bien et la langue est presque sans argot. Ils sont alors, très différents à nous autres Américains et les autres gens du monde.

A l'égard des sports les Français appartiennent à une classe unique.

Margaret Tainter '37

Un Chanteur Sans Les Chanteurs

C'était la veille de Noël.

Il regardait tomber la neige pendant l'après-midi. Il sera une belle nuit, il pensa; une belle nuit pour les chanteurs. Il sentit que vraiment la neige s'arrêterait avant que le jour se terminât. Donc, au ciel il y aurait des étoiles, beaucoup d'étoiles, brulantes brillamment, illuminant la nuit pour les chanteurs. Et quand la lune, vraie pleine, se lèverait, et on pourrait la voir au travers des arbres, puis il entendrait les cantiques de Noël des chanteurs.

La vie d'un chanteur--c'est la jolie vie - la vie très invitante, si heureuse qu'on est bien content d'être vivant.

Le garçon pensa a toutes les choses qu'un chanteur fit. Les grands chemins qu'il fit, les amis dont il fit la connaissance, les maisons dans lesquelles il entra pour chanter devant le foyer de la famille. Qu'il l'aima. Toujours il se rappella, les feus des cheminées, dans lesquelles reposèrent les grandes bûches qui brûleraient pendant toute la nuit.

Qu'il pourrait chanter! Clairement comme un oiseau, heureusement à cause de sa joie de vie. Oui, il put chanter et qu'il désira aller avec le chanteurs!

Mais hélas non. Il lui fallut rester chez lui. Il soupira et tout seul il regarda dans le feu. Il y a une année, la même nuit, en route avec les chanteurs, il se tomba sur la glâce dans la rue. Jamais encore ne put - il marcher sans l'aide d'une béquille.

Gail Clark '37

-- Pinkerton --



*"O Pinkerton, we hail thee
Facing the eastern light."*

DERRY VILLAGE,
N. H.



EDITORIAL



WELCOME

Welcome, Freshmen! The portals of Pinkerton Academy stand open to you. Enter them with a spirit of expectation, and a willingness to give of yourself.

There are four years ahead of you, potential years, years which offer happiness, and the satisfaction of learning. They are given you gladly and the way in which you receive them will determine the success you will attain.

You are a part of Pinkerton. Her complete function depends upon your co-operation, and her successes are a part of your own progressive record.

Heads up, Freshmen! Hit the ball hard, but stand ready, too, to receive a blow in return. No success is as long lived, nor as augmentative as that which tries one's worth morally, mentally and physically.

Determine your goal, and know that Pinkerton holds for you the measure of support that is your merit.

We welcome, too, those members of the faculty, Miss Carpenter, Mr. Hensen and Miss Abbott who joined us in September and who have already won the hearty approval of the student body.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas Eve—bells softly ringing, cheery lights casting their glow on the feathery snow, carolers filling the air with their clear, childish voices—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Each Christmas Eve brings back memories to our parents of the Christmases not so many years ago, when a melancholy note pervaded the holiday festivities, when the carolers' "Peace on earth," rang through the air with a gruesome mockery as the shot and shell "over there" stopped for nothing—even Christmas. Cheer at home was dulled by the absence of one near and dear, and the empty places in every household turned rejoicing to a fearful sense of gloom and depression.

Those years are past, but their memory clings like a burr that cannot be shaken off. As Christmas is seen approaching this year, the thought that is in the minds of people everywhere is the thought of a holy Christmas, one that is brimful of the merry spirit and contentment which is significant of the day of Christ's birth—free from even the thought of death and bloodshed.

The best wish we may pass on to you for this coming season is, "May all your Christmases be beautified by the simple quality that the carolers laud—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

WHY WE READ THEM

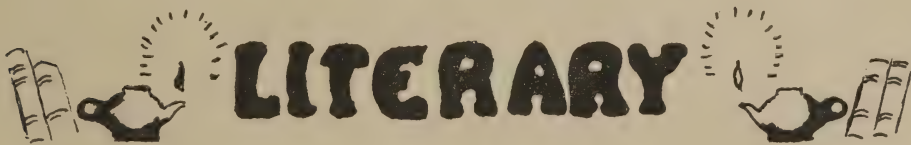
There is something very satisfactory about a short story—especially an American product of this much practiced art. Short paragraphs soothe tired minds. Natural, spontaneous conversation appeals to slower readers, and important yet, short, direct sentences don't tax the imagination; instead, they invite it.

The American short story is a humorous narration. It can be read to relieve the tension of worry, to induce a genial disposition, for the character and action so presented are very real. Mr. Blank speaks his mind with free, easy words, forming them into brief statements. He doesn't labor over complex sentences and four syllable words, and therefore neither do we. We like Mr. Blank because he is very real and human. Do we remember him? Probably not; there are so many like him. But he amused us for a time and gave us what we sought; a short time's relaxation and change.

The short story presents its factors of time, setting and plot without long paragraphs of description. It acquaints us with its characters through their conversation and actions and one forms a more vivid picture of them. It leads naturally to the climax without the confusion of delay and often surprises the reader with its ending. It follows a straight course, making the reading easier, and does not branch off into the various phases of the plot that are not directly related to the required incidents.

Such a story is delightful to read aloud. There is opportunity for expression, and a chance to appreciate the humor with someone else. The reader can follow the train of thought easily because of the human qualities of the characters. The entire story may be read at one time without its becoming tiresome or monotonous.

I am not criticising the longer and more detailed classics. Their lasting reputation is proof enough of their worth. But they do belong in one category, to be taken out and digested thoroughly when a long enough interval offers itself. The short story is the literary diet of busy American business men, tired American manual laborers, fatigued mothers of active families. It belongs to us, and we read it for what it is worth. We ask of it only that which we take from it—the spice of humor, the reality of human nature, the naturalness of speech and the probability of plot. More than that and it is no longer the American short story.



IN HIDING

Scott Dayners swung his hatchet again and decided he had enough firewood for a time anyway. He thrust several logs into the flames, asking himself why he had taken the lone trail. If he went back to Bradon, the sheriff would see that he was sent up for a long term; probably he wouldn't even bother to ask any questions. You couldn't blame the sheriff. Anyone in his place would do the same thing. Scott decided things looked pretty bad for him. If only he hadn't been so overpoweringly sleepy, he might at least have identified the man. He smiled grimly. The bank had a good deal staked on those bonds. But the bank didn't hire men to nap at crucial moments.

"Hell!" he muttered, "if they don't find the real thief, I'm as guilty as the devil." He shivered. Unless a man were used to it, living alone in the woods wore on the nerves. And the loneliness wasn't helped much by the secret he kept locked behind his lips. He didn't give a damn if the whole posse saw the smoke

from his campfire. He was breaking under the strain. He lighted another cigarette from his diminishing supply and smiled mirthlessly at the pile of butts beside him. He threw the match into the flames.

He shuddered and felt a cold sweat on his brow. He shifted his position and as he moved a horrible fear clutched him. He began to shake. He placed an icy hand to his wet forehead and felt sick with the realization of his weakness. He knew what he feared. He was no longer alone. There was someone with him, someone who was probably laughing at his fright.

After a long moment he turned. The two men faced each other for what seemed to Scott an eternity. Then as if in oblivion to the man's mental struggle, the stranger spoke.

"Mind if I share your fire? I was aimin' to make camp soon anyway."

Scott shook his head. The other seemed not to notice his muteness. He dropped his roll to the ground, and prepared to make coffee.

"Like a cup?"

Scott didn't answer, but the other boiled two cups of water. The coffee smelled strong and tempting.

"Thanks," said Scott and took the cup proffered him. He gulped it down, burning his throat with the liquid, but hardly noticing. The coffee did something to him—something a stiff drink of whisky might have done. He could talk now.

"You know how to make coffee," he said.

The stranger offered him a cigarette. "I roll my own," he said.

Scott took it and lighted it. He inhaled once, then watched the ash grow longer and longer. The stranger studied his face. Scott was thinking—My hands aren't shaking any more. That fear seems like a bad dream. What sort of man is this who can fill me with such fear and then give me this calmness and self-assurance?

"Been followin' your own trail long?"

"No," answered Scott. "I can't get used to the loneliness of it."

"Yeah," agreed the other, "it's what makes or breaks a man. Not easy, livin' with yourself."

Scott said nothing. He was admitting to himself the great truth of that statement.

"And especially if you've got a secret to keep."

Scott started and looked up. The other was looking into the fire. He said nothing and didn't realize that his silence was an admission. Neither offered to speak for a long time. Suddenly Dayners looked up and met the direct gaze of the stranger. There was an understanding in those eyes as if he had told his whole predicament. Instead of the fear he expected, a calmness suffused his being.

"Silence often speaks louder than the tongue," said the man. "The law is hard to escape."

"Yes," said Dayners, "and justice is not always fair."

"It's man who is not fair." The other got to his feet and stretched. "If I intend to take the trail early tomorrow, I'll have to roll in."

For a long time Scott lay awake thinking.

The sun was high the next morning when Scott awoke. He got up and

stretched. Suddenly he frowned. The fire was going and coffee was made. Coffee——He drank it. He was wide awake now and he remembered. He had had a visitor last night. Somehow he wasn't surprised that he had left so early without awakening him. He was smiling as he drained the pot of coffee. Delicious coffee. It bespoke the man's nature. He did nothing that he didn't do well.

He walked over to where the stranger had sat the night before and took a cigarette from his pocket. He stooped and picked up something from beside the stone. It was a tobacco pouch, but there was nothing in it. He felt of the soft smooth leather. On the inside was the name Henry Rand.

"Funny," he mused, "that two men could experience an evening such as we had without discovering each other's names."

Scott put out the fire and contemplated what he would do next. He looked at things in a different light this morning. Something had changed in him during the last evening, and now he felt differently about the bank robbery.

"The course of justice can be run only if men are fair." That was what the stranger had said. Henry Rand. Somehow Scott wished he didn't know the man's name. He remembered the sound of cynicism that was in his voice when he had said it, as if he had failed somehow.

He packed up his roll and left camp. There was no fear in him now. Rather a confidence and self-assurance. He would do what was right. He made his way toward Bradon.

Three days later he reached the town. He sought the house where he boarded and climbed the stairs to his room where he washed and shaved. There was mail on his desk. Letters from people who felt only shame for him now. He sighed and wondered if he could stand all that shame. He was surprised that the sheriff hadn't come for him by now. He had certainly been recognized by several as he came through town. He opened a letter. It was dated two days before the robbery. He put it down without reading it. He went downstairs feeling uneasy. He wished the sheriff would hurry to arrest him. Idly he picked up a paper. He smiled grimly. There were no longer any staring headlines. By now it had quieted to give room to more recent events. But there was still something to read about it, and his eyes traveled over the column that contained the latest reports.

When he had finished reading, he was frowning. So he had not been suspected after all! Suddenly he burst out laughing at the farce he had been living. He had created the only suspect by running away from what he feared. And they were offering a reward for another man! Either he must have been mad or very much afraid. That was it. Afraid. He had been afraid until he met the stranger. Somehow that experience had destroyed all fear in him. He decided to look up the sheriff.

There were several men in the sheriff's office. The sheriff was telephoning. Scott felt a bit sheepish.

"Yeah, this morning —— yeah, hiding in the hills. Gave himself away when he offered my man coffee. Sure it's Slinger, but he calls himself Henry Rand. He tried to escape so they shot him." The sheriff hung up.

Scott leaned against the door. Slinger The coffee! What a fool he'd been. Or had he?

THE VALUE OF COURTESY

The buzzer on Miss Dawson's desk rang long and loud. "Report to the City Editor at once." Wearily, she rose and went to the door marked "City Editor, Private."

"You rang for me, Mr. Melville?"

"Yes, Dawson. I've got something for you to cover. Our advertising department has suggested a "Courtesy Contest," the reward being five thousand dollars to the most courteous person in the city. You're to canvas the city in disguise, preferably of an old woman. This will take about a week, and we'll leave the decision to your own judgment. You'll start this morning, now. Got it? O. K. and don't forget the disguise. Let me know as soon as possible, when you get the person."

Dawson left for her flat, and dressed herself in plain, rather threadbare clothing, which was very outmoded. She made her still young face look as elderly as possible, and whitened her graying hair. As she was leaving the building, an elderly man held the door open for her. She saw evidences of similar courtesies all day, but she was not satisfied. She wanted something deeper, more helpful to others. For three days she traversed the streets.

On the fourth day she went deeper into the heart of the city, into the slums, where filth and ignorance abound, and virtue is replaced by vice. She trod among the shiftyeyed inhabitants, even vigilant for courtesy.

One day she stepped inside a doorway, for the wind was bitter cold. The door behind her opened stealthily, and a voice said, "C'mon in, lady. We ain't got much, but it's warm and what we got, we'll share." She stepped inside and found herself in a room filled with people, huddled about an old stove. They looked up when she came in, and a young man got up and gave her his seat. A woman offered her a bowl of broth. She accepted both, and after thanking them, she departed. This had been her most courteous reception, even more courteous than that given her by a sales manager in the city. But she was not through, not satisfied as yet.

While she was standing on a street corner, a small hand touched her arm, and a young voice said, "Lady, if you're lookin' for lodgin's, there's Louie's place up the street. He'll put you up for as long as you want to." She thanked the young urchin, who had so graciously tendered this information. She soon saw Louie's sign, and knocked at the door.

A swarthy faced man opened it, and asked if he could be of service. She said she desired lodgings. He said, "I'll take you in, lady, but I'm all out of funds. You can stay 'til mornin'. I take in everyone who's disabled or too tired to go on. and I don't charge 'em nuthin'. I get my supplies from local stores at reduced rates. Maybe it sounds nutty, but I get a kick out of helpin' these poor guys, hali starved and nearly dead. Now that I've finished spoutin', here's your room. It's not much, but it's clean and warm. 'Bye now."

He trotted down the stairs, leaving behind a thoroughly satisfied lady. As soon as his footsteps receded, she crept cautiously down the staircase, and out the door. She strode briskly to the corner drugstore, entered the phone booth and called the office to send a car for her. Soon a shiny car paused at the curb and she got in.

A light burned behind "City Editor, Private," but Star Reporter Mary Dawson ignored the sign, and walked in.

"Boss, I found your man. Call up Louie's Place on Stark Street, Slum District and deliver the five grand to Louie, the Proprietor."

A surprised and delighted Louie received five thousand dollars that night, and an equally delighted newspaper advertising department surveyed multitudinous profits, made by Mary Dawson and her publicity. And in the meantime Mary Dawson was being surprised and delighted with a well earned vacation and cruise—with pay!

Lois B. Wilson '38

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TROUBLE

I, Trouble, was born at the same time as the world was created. I spent my childhood, leisurely tormenting the cavemen.

You probably know my relatives, my aunt, Sorrow, and my uncle, Cheat. Their children are the well-known Mischief Kiddies.

All my life I have had a marvelous capacity for getting into places free. I received a thorough education in grade school, although I didn't need it, and succeeded with facility to enter high school and college, where the best years of my life were spent. I have been the cause of the removal of many of my fellow classmates from these places of education.

My best known place of habitation is the business world. How I love to barge in upon business men and politicians! Somehow no one seems to appreciate my presence, but by this time they ought to be quite used to it.

I love to move in on happily married couples. It is always so comfortable and I can be assured of a good time there. My stepsister, Divorce, often accompanies me.

One thing I am sure of though is that I will never die, but will always be found mingling with respectable, God-fearing people.

Leona Dumont '38

GONE WITH THE WIND

MARGARET MITCHELL

Scarlett O'Hara, the red haired heroine of this grand novel of the south, is spoiled and selfish as a child, shrewd and unscrupulous as a woman. Yet she sweeps through the pages of romance and life much as a strong wind blows through the southern locust, leaving all breathless and aghast.

Her philosophy of life centers around the idea that "one cannot be a lady without money"—and so she gets money at her own price—marriage three times—all of them failures.

Yes, Scarlett is a very disagreeable and unlovely character, but she is fundamentally alive, in spite of all her faults, physically courageous and admirably true to the only one thing in her life that matters—"Tara"—the estate in which she spent her childhood. For that love and that loyalty one must admire her.

One might judge that "Gone With the Wind" is wholly a story of character but such is not the case for I believe Miss Mitchell's intention was to write a book which would sympathize with those Southerners who were able, against

odds, to reconstruct new lives, new houses, new ideals from the destructive mass which the Civil War left them. Scarlett does just that.

It would be unfair to fail to mention the character of Rhett Butler—a blockade runner, truly a scalawag—and a cynic with whom Scarlett has a long sordid affair—noble—yet ignoble, clever—yet cowardly, cruel—yet calm—such is Butler to whose will Scarlett bends many times and finally breaks. The sagacious battle of wits which one finds whenever the two come together, is in itself noteworthy.

There are many human touches in the story—too many to list here—it is enough to say that it leaves a depth of feeling—a sense of keen appreciation and a powerful realization of a very colorful and rich period of our national life.

Truly a good book, in a setting that teems with color and richness—encircled with sensitive memories. It ranks not only as a “best seller” but as one worthy of the word “classic.”

A PAIR OF WINGS

I wish I had a pair of wings
To travel all around,
I'd travel from New England
'Way out to Puget Sound.

And then I'd go to Russia,
From there to Italy,
And then 'way up to England,
And there, the King, I'd see.

And then I'd go to Norway
To see the midnight sun,
And then I'd go to Holland
O gee! that would be fun!

And then I think that I'd come home
From all my trips and things,
Oh I could do an awful lot
With just a pair of wings.

Antoinette Pieroni '38

KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

1. Name a well-known comedienne (former co-star of Thelma Todd).
2. Name the star in “Showboat.”
3. Name a popular actress of silent films.
4. Who plays the feminine lead in “Mary of Scotland?”
5. Name a star of the current movie “Red, Hot, and Blue.”
6. Name the immortal play of Shakespeare.
7. What is the name of a full length technicolor film?
8. Name a song hit in Shirley Temple's recent picture.
9. What actress may possibly be the richest in the world due to her husband's recent death?

1. Name a movie written from a famous novel and starring Frederic March.
2. Who is the leading lady in "My Man Godfrey?"
3. Name an outstanding actress now appearing in "Flame Within."
4. What star is a great singer and appears in the movie "Stage Struck?"
5. What actress, now retired, is related to John and Lionel Barrymore?
6. Who is the leading lady in "The Great Ziegfeld?"
7. What song hit comes from this picture?

Answers may be found in the Joke section.



Station PAC Broadcasting

Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Station J-E-A-N flashing to you the news of the day, pictured by the Pinkerton Critic. We have a delightful program for you tonight, radio audience. Listen—do you hear the water gently lapping the shore, do you hear those gay young voices, do you smell that wood smoke? Right! folks, it's the Senior Corn Roast at Angle Pond. I wish you of the radio audience could be here to enjoy those "Songs We Love to Hear," rendered by the Faculty of the Academy.

But now—we are honored with a speech by that ever popular, newly elected President of the Senior Class—Ladies and Gentlemen—may I present—Dick Dalton! He is backed by Vice President, Marjorie Clark, Secretary, Rita Riley, dependable, hard working Treasurer, Gail Clark, and Council Members Jean Barrington and Norton Bagley. Give them a hand folks, they have a lot to do this year.

But listen, radio audience. Opportunity is knocking! Do you enjoy wearing an enticing, symbolic, beautifully designed ring? If you enjoy the best buy without hesitation from L. C. Balfour Company. The best workmanship and materials are employed in the manufacture of these rings, which you will soon see on the hands of the Seniors of Pinkerton Academy.

Now for a few moments of music. It's that popular song hit "When Did You Leave Heaven" played by Munarch Bro's. orchestra, coming direct to you from the Freshman Reception of Pinkerton Academy. It's a gay time tonight, Listeners. I wish you could be with us to watch this merry scene, but the time is nearly up—so—radio audience, the sponsors of the Pinkerton Academy Critic

Hour send you heartiest Christmas Greetings, and we will be with you again in the next issue.

Station J-E-A-N signing off!

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Station R-U-T-H broadcasting over a frequency of 1938 kilocycles.

We now present "Class News," a regular feature of the P. A. C. network.

Flash!

The energetic class of 1938 is well on its way to a very successful year under the capable leadership of their advisor, Mr. Conner.

The Junior Class wishes to welcome the following new members to its ranks, Amy Lang, Esther Crossley, and William McKay.

Special Flash!

Officers elected! A very efficient staff of officers they are too! John Schurman is again elected president, Pauline Senecal, vice-president, Eunice Parshley, secretary, and Wilbur Fay is to guard the class' finances. Raymond Ainsworth and Leona Dumont are elected as Representatives to the Student Council.

News in the Field of Sports!

These vivacious boys and girls have started another active year in the field of sports. Both are showing good attendance at practice for the various sports, and they are certainly working hard to keep those trophies! Watch them!

Announcement!

Wait for the next issue of "Class News." It will be worth your attention.

Station R-U-T-H signing off!

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Good evening ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. Once more it is our privilege to bring to you the recent election results of the class of 1939.

Flash! From the many candidates, the following officers were elected for the coming school year of 1936-37.

President FRANK O'NEIL

Vice President THERESA BERNIER

Secretary DOROTHY SULLIVAN

Treasurer EDWARD DASKY

Representatives to the Council ARLINE DUVARNEY

CHESTER GORDON

We now bring to you an electrically transcribed program of dance music by Ed Harvey and his rhythmic band coming to you from the annual Halloween Dance Party at Pinkerton Academy, and sponsored by the class of 1939.

As we step into the appropriately decorated hall, we see the guests dressed in various types of costumes and participating in dancing and games.—Just a minute folks, there is a large crowd gathering in front of the platform, they are awarding prizes to Miss Lucille Parker, and to Mister Fred Dalton for the most attractive and comical costumes respectively.

Dear radio friends, we hate to disappoint you, but the time is drawing late so we must sign off, but we will return to the air in March for the next "Pinkerton Critic Hour" with more news of the class of 1939. This is Station Reporter R.E.B. bidding you all good evening.

SCHOOL NOTES

Pinkerton Academy opened its one hundred and twenty second year on September fourteenth with a total enrollment of two hundred and seventy pupils.

Among the many clubs and organizations of Pinkerton, the foremost is the Glee Club, under the excellent supervision of Miss Alice Norton. The Girls' Glee Club which holds its sessions each Monday and Wednesday has for its officers during the year 1936-1937 the following:

<i>President</i>	MARIAN MORRISON '37
<i>Vice President</i>	LOIS WILSON '38
<i>Secretary</i>	LEONA DUMONT '38
<i>Librarian</i>	THERESA BERNIER '39

The boys' organization also wishes to announce its officers for the coming year.

<i>President</i>	HAROLD GURLEY '37
<i>Vice President</i>	LEO LATULIPPE '38
<i>Secretary</i>	ROBERT JORDAN '38
<i>Librarians</i>	JOHN BOYCE '39
	ARMAND COTE '40

This year, under Miss Norton's capable direction, a promising nine piece orchestra has been started.

As they always have in former years, the Girl Reserves have started their activities with the traditional "bang". We find them with an interesting program for the entire year already planned. Their officers:

<i>President</i>	JEAN BARRINGTON '37
<i>Vice President</i>	DORIS WILSON '38
<i>Secretary</i>	ANTOINETTE PIERONI '38
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARJORIE HALL '38

This year a new French club has established itself, with Miss Charlotte Carpenter as its adviser. At the first meeting of the year, the following officers were elected:

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA ELA '37
<i>Secretary</i>	EVELYN RIDER '37
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH SPEAR '37

Long may it flourish!

This year we have had the pleasure of having a lecture by Mr. Gilham on September twenty-third, who showed us some remarkable examples of art.

The Home Economics department under Miss Elizabeth Aldrich has already started its Do-It-Right Club with Miss Dorothy Sullivan as president for 1936-1937. This club consists of Sophomore girls interested in social correctness.

From the agricultural students of Pinkerton comes the well known Clicking Clan Chapter of the F. F. A. whose leaders for this year are:

<i>President</i>	WALTER BOROWSKI '37
<i>Vice President</i>	BERNARD BROES '38
<i>Secretary</i>	JOHN SCHURMAN '38
<i>Treasurer</i>	STANLEY BRUDZIZ '39

On October second, we were all pleased to hear of the fine work Pinkerton Academy did at the Hopkinton State Fair. It won the state judging contest with

Walter Borowski, John Schurman and Clement Boulanger as the representative team. A silver trophy was awarded them by the state.

Also on October nineteenth, Mr. E. H. Little presented Walter Borowski and Bernard Broes of Pinkerton, awards for their excellent work at the State Fair. Mr. Broes received his for cattle judging, while Mr. Borowski has the honor of being the highest individual scorer at the fair.

The Clicking Clan Chapter of the Future Farmers of America held its fourth annual school fair at Pinkerton on the evening of October nineteenth. Not to be overlooked was the Home Economics Department's excellent display of jellies, canned food, clothes and notebooks. The farm produce and poultry shown were of especial interest. The display was followed by a program of school talent which proved very entertaining.

In all ways we feel our school is progressing and we hope for one of our best years in the 1936-1937 season.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES

PINKERTON AND SANBORN HOCKEY GAME

From the start to the finish, action was certainly not lacking in speed. Hair flew, shins were bruised, and sticks clashed as both teams desperately tried to score. Bernier of Pinkerton received a pass and sent the ball into the opposing goal. Not to be outdone, after considerable passing, dribbling, and driving, Hathaway of Sanborn was able to tie the score. The score was then one to one and thus it stayed until the termination of the first half.

With renewed energy, the second half started with both teams determined to score.

Each goal was dangerously invaded but because of the splendid defense of both teams, the score remained unchanged. The ball was then carried down the field by Pinkerton and in a mad scramble in front of the goal, Parshley added another point in Pinkerton's favor.

The score at the close of the game was 2-1 with Pinkerton victorious.

RESULTS OF THE TOURNAMENT

	Games played	Won	Lost	Tied
Seniors	6	5	1	1
Juniors	6	6	0	1
Sophomores	6	1	5	1
Freshman	6	0	6	1

The Junior Class will again hold the trophy in their prized possessions.

Football

THE UNDEFEATED TEAM

As you all probably know, this year has been a great success on the gridiron. Coach Clark produced, from a limited amount of talent, a fighting football team. He deserves a lot of credit, we know, don't you?

Now for the inside facts about the various members and their positions.

Right End—Earl Warren played a superb game both offensively and defensively. He could also shift into the backfield.

Right Tackle—Richard Durkee was always in on the play and proved his efficiency by making the opposing team seek "holes" elsewhere.

Right Guard—This position was aptly filled by Charles Kachavos. Charlie proved, as his opponents will vouchsafe, that he wasn't fooling when he tore into their backfield.

Center—Bill Torrey, a silent steady fighter, rates with the highest. An accurate passer and a boy with plenty of common sense.

Left Guard—Eddie Allgeyer, a man deserving the praise given him. He excelled in blocking holes, and leading interference.

Left Tackle—Husky Wilbur Fay, a demon in both offense and defense, intercepted many passes and played "heads up" football.

Left End—Paul Blanchard, a senior who proved his worth in every game he played, was a versatile tackler.

Quarter Back—Captain Red Gurley, a heady efficient player in every phase of the game, led the team gallantly through its victorious season.

Left Halfback—Fred Draper filled this position of a blocking back with all the fight a player can have. "Clear 'em out" was Draper's code.

Right Halfback—Leon Wells, the "scared rabbit" played a totally all-star brand of football. Leon is a junior and "good" for another year.

Fullback—The role of fullback takes on new possibilities when "Rusty" Provencher fills the position. His booting was college calibre and don't forget he still has another year. Watch him go!

SUBSTITUTES

Vaughan Stevens, a boy who worked hard and fast, ably filled the guard position.

Stanley Niciejewski, who filled the tackle position very well since this year was his first out, was a husky fighter.

John Devine, a utility end, playing one as well as the other, was a good man to have on the team.

Since 1907 Pinkerton's football machine has not carried on such a remarkable season. But here at last is what they have been striving for—an undefeated, untied team. There is something more imposing than the mere figures on the scoreboard, something that though obvious makes no show—that is the perfect spirit of the players. Clean playing, wholehearted delight at victory, a consciousness of the other ten men, and even the shadow of defeat, created for the team a situation that made them come through in a convincing manner.

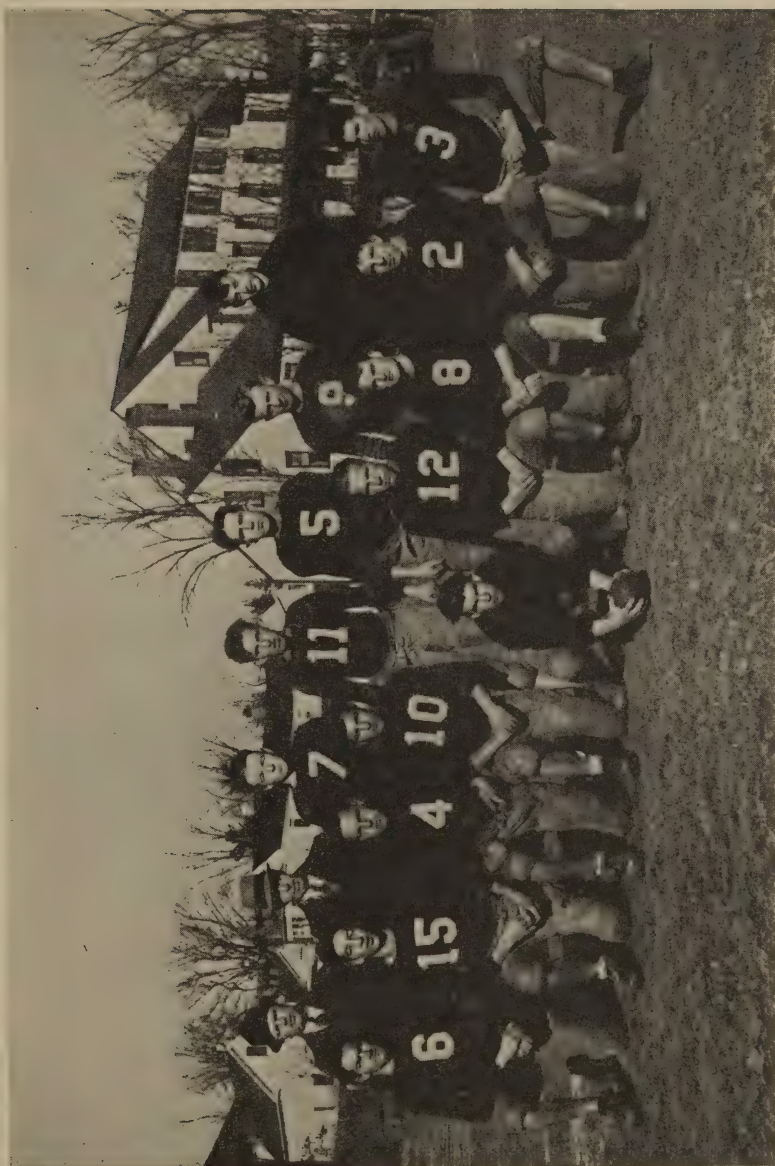
Pinkerton's coach Thomas M. Clark has in two years built one of the finest teams any secondary school might wish to have.



1936 FOOTBALL SCORES

Pinkerton	14	Lawrence 2nds	0
Pinkerton	21	St. Joseph's High	0
Pinkerton	32	Tilton J. V.'s.	6
Pinkerton	25	Methuen High	0
Pinkerton	6	Lowell 2nd	0
Pinkerton	14	Sanborn Seminary	0
Pinkerton	31	Exeter High	13
Totals			19





SPORTS' REVIEW

Ding, dang, dong. The time is exactly six o'clock, D-R-A-P-E-R Draper watch time. Six o'clock, just time for the Sports' Review, brought to you each evening at this time over station P-I-G-S-K-I-N, through the courtesy of Fewer Ails, that mellow, heart warming beverage that gives you the pep and vitality of good health. Pep and vitality, just what we admire in those sport heroes you have been hearing about and talking about during these months. Drink Fewer Ails and know that same glowing feeling of power and resistance. You'll love it.

Now for the football scores.

Pinkerton Academy held the Lawrence B team to a zero score, Sept. 25, on the Pinkerton Oval. 13 of the 14 points of the score were made by "Rusty" Provencher, carrying over for a victory in the first game of the season.

In Derry Village, St. Joseph's High met the Academy boys to be defeated 21-0.

Coach Clark carried his boys to Tilton, despite rain and wind, on the 17th of October, to bring home the bacon or rather the pigskin which was carried over Tilton's line for a score of 32-6.

That's all for tonight, folks.

PINKERTON ACADEMY-METHUEN GAME

Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here this afternoon, as you probably know, to broadcast this game between Pinkerton Academy and Methuen High.

It's just about time for the game to begin, and things are certainly brewing down on the field. The day is, as everyone knows, a "Booster Day", and the crowd has certainly turned out to support both teams. It is, I might say, "terrific."

Now if you'll wait just a second I'll endeavor to give you the starting line-ups for today's game. —Pinkerton's positions will be filled as follows: Earl Warren will fill the right end position. Earl hails from North Ave. and weighs 150 lbs., rt. will be occupied by Richard Durkee, a local boy who weighs well into the 160's, and rg. is to be taken care of by Charles Kachavos who resides in Ward 5. "Ketchie" weighs around 160, too. The center position is to be held down by Prescott Torrey, a Londonderry boy, who weighs 165. Lg. position is well filled by Edward Allgeyer, a Highland Ave. boy, who weighs 167. Lt. is occupied by a smooth tackler by the name of Wilbur Fay. Fay weighs 155 lbs. Le. is held down by Paul Blanchard, a West Sider, who weighs 148 lbs. There is another boy, who plays either end—John Devine is his name. Johnny hails from Ryan's Hill and weighs around 150 lbs. The quarter-back position is excellently taken care of by Capt. Harold "Red" Gurley, weighing 150 lbs. "Red knows his business." Rhb., Leon Wells is a man one can often expect the unexpected from. He weighs 145 lbs. Lhb. is occupied by Frederick Draper. Drap is an East Sider who can also bark signals. He weighs 148 lbs. Fb., Russell "Rusty" Provencher, weighing 172 lbs., is a very good all around man. He comes from Wall Street.

The teams are lining up out there now, folks. Methuen is going to kick. Now they're ready! Up go the hands of the two captains, signifying that their teams are ready. There's the whistle—the kick. Provencher runs the ball toward Methuen's side of the field, but he's hit hard on his own 35 yard line. Whoops, what's this? The Pinkerton team just pulled a fast one. As Provencher ran that ball to the right hand side of the field, Earl Warren, flashy end of Pinkerton,

sneaked over and played a sleeper on the opposite side of the field. The play ended on Methuen's 17 yard line. Boy, listen to that crowd roar!

First down, ten to go on Methuen's seventeen. Pinkerton's ball. There's a live buck by Provencher, but he only gains a yard. Methuen holds good for the next three downs and Pinkerton loses the ball on downs.

There's a Pinkerton cheer after the first quarter has ended. Let's hear it.

Chee, cha, rah, rah

Chee, cha, rah, rah

Hoo rah, hoo rah

P. A. rah, rah

Well, time is up now, folks. The teams are out there, lining up, with the ball in Methuen's possession. Second down, fifteen to go. There's the shift, full back drops back in punt formation. It's a good pass from center and he gets off a good kick to Pinkerton's forty where Draper takes it back about five yards. It's now Pinkerton's ball. First down and ten to go.

Those last two downs netted Pinkerton only two yards, so they'll probably kick. Yes, it's a kick. Provencher gets off a beautiful spiral that goes way down the field and rolls outside on Methuen's 15 yard line. Man oh man! what a sweet punter that boy is!

It's Methuen's ball now, first down ten on their own fifteen. They try a buck that fails. Now they're going to kick. There's the pass from center—Full back gets it off—Whoa—Pinkerton man breaks through that line and blocks the punt, picks the ball up and stumbling to regain his balance flops over the goal line for the first score of the game. That man was Eddie Allgeyer, left guard, and Boy! what a play that was! There goes Provencher through the line for the point.

Score now, Pinkerton 7—Methuen 0.

Provencher kicks off for Pinkerton with a beauty. The ball carries to the fifteen yard line where it's taken in by Number 9 who advances the ball behind excellent interference to the 40 yard line.

Methuen comes out into a single wing back to the left. It's a pass to Number 9. It's completed and Number 9 worms his way to Pinkerton's 40 yard line where Gurley slams him down. There's the whistle, folks. The half is over.

We pause for station identification. This is the Valley Broadcasting system. This is station W. P. A. P. for Pigskin.

Well friends, you should see that crowd down there on that field. Both cheering sections, the Red and White, the Blue and White, are cheering their heads off. The whole scene is that of a grand Rose Bowl Game in itself.

The third quarter is about to start. Pinkerton is kicking off and they're lined up now. Provencher adjusts the ball to his liking and paces back his steps. There's the whistle—the kick, and a Methuen man is tackled before he can move three yards. —Methuen isn't doing very well—Now she kicks, and Draper advances the ball about twelve yards. It's Pinkerton's ball, first down and ten on their own forty yard line. The first play is a buck by Provencher, good for eight yards. Pinkerton huddles, another buck, good for a first down. There's the huddle, there's the shift. It's Gurley back in a single wing back to the right. There's the play. It's a buck, no Gurley fools the bunch and cuts out around his own right end, behind superb blocking. Wells takes the end, Draper takes one of

the backs, and Provencher takes another, and Gurley is out in the clear. He side-steps the safety man who goes down, and goes over for the second touchdown of the game. A good sixty yard run that was, folks! A pip! The crowd has gone crazy. Pinkerton rooters are all frustrated. Listen to them cheer!

Rah, Red

Rah, Gurley

Rah, rah, Red Gurley

But the try for the point failed, folks, and the score is 13-0.

Pinkerton is lined up again to kick off. There's the signal, the whistle and boy what a kick! It sails down the center of the field and rolls over Methuen's goal line. Whoa, folks, two Pinkerton men fall on the ball and the referee holds up his hands showing that another six points for Pinkerton has been scored. Gurley and Fay were the ones on that ball. They try for the point, but Methuen piles up the center. Pinkerton kicks off again and as the quarter ends the ball is in Methuen's possession on their own 35 yard line.

This is station W. P. A. P. for Pigskin, broadcasting through the courtesy of the Makers of Fewer Ails, that grand and wholesome drink that gives you that healthy appetite.

There's the whistle, folks, signifying that the fourth and final quarter is about to start. Methuen is taking to the air. They complete two passes for a first down. (squawk, squeak—eee—eek) Pinkerton has gained the ball on its own 20 yard line. Provencher will probably kick out of danger. Yes, it's a kick. What a beauty. It rolls out of bounds on Methuen's thirty. What a punt! But of course he has great blocking in there that enables him to get off those kicks.

Methuen decides to pass on her own thirty. There's the shift. It's a complicated formation. There's the pass and Oh boy, it's intercepted by Leon Wells, defensive right half back of Pinkerton. He side-steps three men and runs thirty-five yards for a touchdown. Man oh man! you should see that boy run! Just like a scared rabbit! The try for the point fails again as the pass is knocked down.

(squawk—squeak—iiii—eee—llll—wwwah)

The ball is in play on Methuen's forty. Pinkerton stops the first two plays, and now as the game draws to a close, the substitutes come onto the field.

The crowd is giving those sturdy regulars an ovation as they come off the field. The game is over, folks, and the final score is Pinkerton 25, Methuen 0.

Now folks, here's "Red" Gurley who will say a few words. Captain Gurley. "Hello folks, all I can say is that it was only possible through the cooperative playing of eleven men that we were able to come through. I thank you."

Ding, dang, dong. The time is exactly six o'clock. D-R-A-P-E-R Draper watch time. Six o'clock, just time for the Sports' Review, brought to you each evening at this time over station P-I-G-S-K-I-N, through the courtesy of Fewer Ails, that mellow, heart warming beverage that gives you the pep and vitality of good health. Pep and vitality that it seems is found in those Pinkerton footballers who have come through again as I'll tell you in a second. Drink Fewer Ails and know that same glowing feeling of power and resistance. You'll love it. Now for the scores of Pinkerton's late grid triumphs.

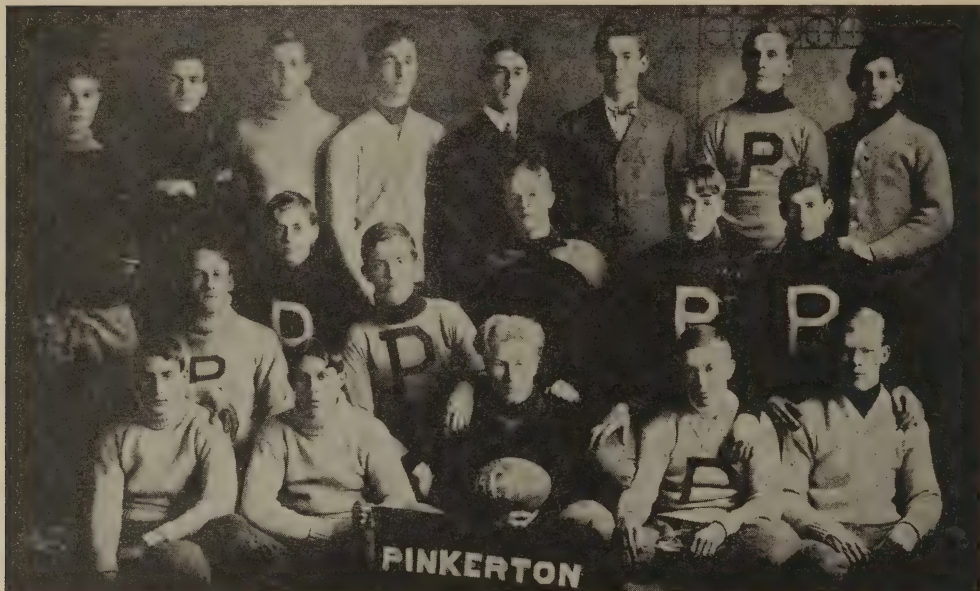
Pinkerton "took the Lowell 2nds into camp" Friday Oct. 30 by a score of 6 to 0. The Pinkerton team put on one of the best goal-line stands ever wit-

nessed by fans of Derry and Lowell. They held Lowell for four downs on their own six inch line.

Pinkerton overcame another obstacle Sat. Nov. 7 by defeating Sanborn Seminary 14 to 0.

The Pinkerton-Exeter game, folks, was the hardest fought game I've ever seen, each team having a few injuries. The score was Pinkerton 31, Exeter 13.

That's all for tonight, folks.



IN HONOR OF 1907

Pinkerton	0	Nashua High	0
Pinkerton	41	Methuen High	0
Pinkerton	26	Punchard Acad.	0
Pinkerton	21	Nashua High	0
Pinkerton	29	Manchester High	2
Pinkerton	6	Lawrence High	0
Pinkerton	6	Concord High	0
Pinkerton	24	Sanborn Seminary	0
Totals	153		2

Six victories, one tie, one forfeit and no defeats will be the record, long remembered, for the football season of 1907.

Mr. William Broadhead of Manchester was engaged to coach the team. With a squad of only seven "P" men as a nucleus he developed the best team Pinkerton ever had.

This surely is a record to remember and be proud of.

In every department of the game P. A. has proved herself superior to her opponents. In following the ball she has been unsurpassed: she has secured nine out of every ten fumbles; always had the better end of the punting game; the

defensive work of the line in breaking through and blocking, and the rapid running back of punts, rendering the kicking of her opponents of little value. In tackling, breaking up interference, in working the forward pass and onside kick, in stopping the forward passes of her opponents, Pinkerton has shown herself especially strong.

Raitt, at left end, has played a brilliant game, being a hard tackler and aggressive in backing up interference. He has always been on hand for the forward pass.

"Blondy" Wilson, left tackle and captain of the team, has proved himself worthy of the highest praise. He was always sure to be at the bottom of the heap when an opposing team tried to put a play through his side of the line. His playing was steady and even. It can be truly said that Blondy was P. A.'s best linesman. He has the reward of being captain of the best team Pinkerton ever had.

Page, at left guard, proved aggressive in offense and steady in defense. Jones, who played that position the first of the season, would have had to work hard for it at the end.

Clifford, at center, proved fast on recovering fumbles and blocking punts.

Sanborn, right guard, won the fear and respect of all his opponents. When he started something always smashed in his direction. Sanborn would have found a place on any eleven.

H. Corson, right tackle, proved a splendid mate to Wilson. A better man for the position would be hard to find.

F. Corson at right end has played brilliantly. He filled several positions this year, first at quarter, then at end, and finally at full back. Wherever he played his presence was felt by his opponents. Corson was the chief punter of the team.

Currier at quarter-back has furnished the brains. He has run his team from start to finish with masterly skill. He played the first game at full back but early in the season was transferred to quarter, where he has more than fulfilled the expectation of every one.

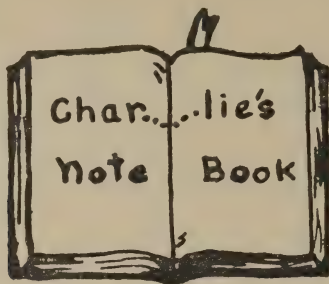
McDuffie, right half back, played well and proved a good point winner.

Griffiths, left half back, has been the main-stay of the back field. Speed was his great excellence; once clear of his opponents, there was no overtaking him. He was the team's most consistent and best ground gainer.

Abbott distinguished himself in his low line bucking. Under the old rules his work would have carried the ball from one end of the field to the other. As it was he time and again made first down through the center of the line.

One of the most remarkable features of the season was the playing of Hatch and Hager. Although they had not previously played in any regular game, they filled the difficult positions of center and guard during the Sanborn game with marvelous ability.

The substitutes, Williams, Chamberlen, Gaskin and Stearns were faithful supporters of the team, and by brief, snappy work in the Sanborn game won their "P's".



I've heard there are a few "Desert Rats" in our school.

Speaking of public enemies, John Devine gets up every morning at 4:30 and whistles to wake up the birds.

Andy Masellis has changed his favorite song hit from "It Never Dawned On Me" to "Amelia (ion) Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store".

Oh Eunice! It's a Sin To Tell a Lie.

And to think Gale Johnson was a "Forgotten Man."

Andy Masellis and Ruth Spear are just neighbors.

Little Juniors have big ears.

(Mr. Wheelock driving his car over a toll bridge is confronted by the gate-man)

Gateman: Fifty cents.

Mr. Wheelock: (Thoughtfully) Sold, by George.

Bill Torrey: You've been out with worse looking fellows than I am haven't you?

Doris Wilson: (Does not reply)

Bill Torrey: Well, you have, haven't you?

Doris Wilson: I heard you the first time and I was trying to think.

Mr. Gonner: Go out in the pasture and count the cows, Johnson.

Gale Johnson: (10 minutes later) I counted five sir, but there were four more running around so fast I couldn't count them.

Allgeyer: Aren't you going too fast, Pop?

Condon: You don't want to be late, do you?

Allgeyer: No-o-o, but I'd rather be late than absent.

Teacher: Would you marry a man who couldn't take a joke?

Ruth Ramsdell: How could I?

Freshman: (Trying to be bright) Does a giraffe get a sore throat if it gets its feet wet?

Warren: Yes, but not 'till the next week.

Bill: I see your brother has a new car, eh?

Earl: Yes, my uncle bought it for him.

Bill: Oh, the liar! He told me he put every cent he had into it.

Earl: So he did. He bought four gallons of gasoline.

Richard Smith: Ho! Ho! You look like you'd been in a famine.

Peter Young: (Sourly) Yeah, and you look like you caused it.

Mother: Why are you making faces at that bulldog, Frank?

Frank O'Neil: Well, he started it!

Stranger: I hear you have a fine cow, what will you take for her?

Borowski: Wait a minute. Are you the new assessor or has my cow been killed in a R.R. accident?

Officer: Didn't you see that street sign?

Kenneth Condon: Yes, Officer, I did—But—

Officer: Then why didn't you follow it? It's marked "One Way".

Kenneth Condon: Yes, but you see, I only went one way.

Amelia: (Stalled in Manchester)

Officer: Use your noodle, sister, use your noodle.

Amelia: Gee, I've tried everything else. Where is it?

Charlie and Bob called on Andy last week and saw the following notice:
"Bob, if I'm studying when you come, wake me up."

Waiter: Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Bagley: Why, haven't I given you your regular tip?

Waiter: Yes sir, but you've forgotten to eat, sir.

Charlie sez—A human being is the only animal who can be "skinned" more than once.

Gaping Freshman: What are all those boys doing?

Senior: They are runners. The first one gets a gold cup.

Freshman: But what are all the others running for?

Mr. Gaskill: What happens to an automobile when it's too old to run.

Bright Senior: Somebody sells it to Paul Smith.

Althea: Mr. Wheelock, shall we copy the questions?

Voice from rear: No, sap, just the answers.

Dot Myatt: Good impressions are made by the typewriter, but it's the adding machine that counts.

Mr. Wheelock: What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?

Woodrow Grant: The book says that after his exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement.

Theater Owner: How did that comedian's jokes get across?

Stage Manager: (Dryly) Probably on the Mayflower.

Captain: All hands on deck! The ship is leaking.

Dreary Voice: Aw, put a pan under it and go to bed.

The local druggist, (with a reputation for stinginess) advertised that every customer who bought goods worth more than a dollar would receive a cigar lighter and a coat hanger, free. To prove his good intentions, he had the sealed package placed on his counter.

When they were opened they were found to contain a match and a nail.

Sophomore: Why are you looking so glum?

Freshman: I feel like a dumb owl.

Sophomore: A dumb owl? What do you mean?

Freshman: (Wearily) I just don't give a hoot.

1st Scotchman: The other night I had to go through the woods past the place where that man was murdered. But I walked backwards the whole way.

2nd Scotchman: What was that for?

1st Scotchman: You poor fish, I did it so I could see if anything was coming up behind me.

Mr. Gaskill: The class will now each name a member of the lower order of animals starting with Mr. Young.

McKay No. 1: Gee you're dumb. I've given up hope. You ought to get an encyclopedia.

McKay No. 2: Yah I know, but the pedals hurt my feet.

Marion Morrison: I turned the way I signaled.

Andy Masellis: I know, that's what fooled me.

Althea Sweet: I hear your car has no speedometer.

Paul Smith: Oh! but that doesn't matter. I can tell easy enough.

Althea: That so? How?

Paul: Well at ten miles per hour the windshield rattles, at fifteen the headlights, at twenty the bumper, and at twenty-five I rattle.

Irene Keith: (Being kind to small boy) Oh now I wouldn't cry like that.

Boy: (Sobbing) Cry any way you please, this is my way.

Vaughn: (At dentist) Ow-w-w—hey—that's not the tooth I wanted pulled.

Dentist: Oh calm yourself, I was just coming to that.

Amelia: That rich fellow I met last night is a wonder.

Beauchamp: Oh, is he? Introduce him to me, I work wonders.

Senior: (Roaring with rage) Who told you to come in here with those books?

Freshman: Mr. Bell did.

Senior: Oh, nice books aren't they?

Latulippe: Who beat you up?

Myatt: You see it's this way. I took my girl to a restaurant and she found a fly in her soup. She called the waiter and said, "Get this insect out of here."

ANSWERS

1. Patsy Kelly
2. Irene Dunne
3. Nancy Carroll
4. Katherine Hepburn
5. Ethel Merman
6. Romeo and Juliet
7. Trail of the Lonesome Pine
8. Oh! My Goodness
9. Norma Shearer

1. Anthony Adverse
2. Carole Lombard
3. Ann Harding
4. Dick Powell
5. Ethel Barrymore
6. Myrna Loy
7. You

Romeiko: Here comes the parade! Where is Marion?

Sweet: She's upstairs, waving her hair.

Romeiko: Goodness can't we afford a flag.

Thirty days hath September, April, June and my uncle for speeding.

Henry Dorman: Hey—Bill.

Fay: Yeah?

Henry Dorman: Are you all right?

Fay: Yeah.

Henry Dorman: Then I've shot a bear.

Crossley: When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do about this?

Ham: Stuff cotton in your ears.

Eunice Parshley: Do you know Red Gurley proposed to me last night?

Leona Dumont: Yes? Doesn't he do it beautifully?

Parker: I got a bright idea out of the corner of my brain today.

Hanf: Oh! A stowaway!

Lionel Piper: Why the red and white stripes in your coat of arms?

Armond Cote: Oh, that's for Dad—he's a barber!

Gale Johnson: There's the whole theory in a nut shell!

Leon Wells: Queer how well you retain those things in your head.

Miss 1917: Give me a man that's good, and kind, and true.

Miss 1937: Give me a man!

Tangney: This afternoon I danced as I never danced before.

Gundell: Oh! I see, on your own feet, eh?

Nice Boy: Can I take you home?

Irene Keith: Sure, where do you live?

Miss Carpenter: If Caesar were alive today would he be as famous as he was?

Niciejewski: Surely. He'd be famous for his old age.

ALUMNI NOTES

Ackerman, Dorothy Alice	Plymouth Normal School
Bartlett, Philip	Hessers Business College
Blanchard, Kenneth Hilliard	Farm Work—Windham, N. H.
Clark, Alice Bertha	Secretary W.P.A. Sewing Project
Clark, Donald Edward	Derry—Works for Mr. Morrison
Densmore, Louis Harvel	Farm work—West Newbury, Mass.
DesMarais, Evelyn Ruth Mary	Derry
Dexter, Harold Howard	Farm work—Chester
Dore, Winifred Marie	Derry
Floyd, Inez Ruth	Londonderry
Fullonton, Olga Mae	Secretary to Mrs. Farley—Derry Relief
Gedney, Frances Lillian Avis	Derry
Gordon, Lurlene Amanda	East Derry
Grady, Ruth Marie	University of New Hampshire
Grady, Thomas Lonergan	East Derry
Grover, Frances Adelle	Derry
Harlow, Ruth Eleanor	
. (Mrs. Wallace Fitts)	Manchester, N. H.
Holm, Russell Nathaniel	Derry
Hood, Irene Montgomery	W. T. Grant Co.
Hutton, Mildred Eunice	University of New Hampshire
Johnson, Alvin Leslie	Farms Service Stores
Lee, Ruth Rose	
Lewis, Frederick	Derry—Chelmsford Shoe Shop
Manning, Frederick Herman	Derry
McKean, Rita Agnes	Derry
Moody, Howard Gage	University of Pennsylvania
Mitchell, Jean MacQuarrie	Derry
Moro, Carmella Joan	Derry
Morrison, Robert Hugh	University of New Hampshire
Normandeau, Wilfred Albert	C.C.C. Camp—Berlin, N. H.
O'Neil, Katherine Mildred	Derry Loan and Discount
Patten, Clarence William	University of Syracuse, N. Y.
Peart, Mary Dorothea	University of New Hampshire
Ramsden, Winston Arthur	Derry
Rider, Arthur William	Derry
Robie, Merle Steele	Cornell University, N. Y.
Simpson, Leonard George	University of New Hampshire
Sives, Charlotte Lucille	University of New Hampshire
Sullivan, June Irene Frances	Post Graduate—Pinkerton
Watts, Norman Edward	Hubbardston, Mass.
Welch, Medeline	Derry

- 1852 Parsons, Olive Sewall. Died at Derry Village, June, 1936.
- 1925 Beardsley, Kenneth Dwight. Married to Barbara A. Blake. Will reside in Pittsfield, Mass., where Mr. Beardsley is employed in the General Electric Co.
- 1928 Reynolds, Charles A. Married to Helen Loweree of Ellsworth, Maine, at Littleton, Mass. on June 7, 1936. They will reside in Littleton.
- 1929 Clark, Bessie Diana. Married to Dr. H. Linton-January on June 5, 1936. They will reside in New York City.
- 1931 Miss Emma Brynes became the bride of Clinton M. Leach, August 29, 1936 at the St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Derry, N. H.
- 1932 Tewksbury, Dorothy A. Married September 21, 1936 to Clarence E. Staples, a student at Colby. They will reside in Waterville, Maine.
- 1934 Virginia Piper has entered training in the Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, Westchester County, N. Y.
- 1934 Johnson, Nathalie Estelle. Married March 28, 1936 to Mr. Joseph P. Conner, Jr., Portsmouth, N. H.
- 1934 Colburn, Philip D. Now employed at the Charles H. Morse Motor Co. in Manchester, N. H.
- 1934 Wing, Seth P. Now employed at the Henry W. Parker Co.—Wholesalers, in Manchester, N. H.
- 1935 Goyette, Doris. Married to Edward Mishu '34, June 6, 1936. They will reside at 28 Aiken St., Derry.
- 1936 Harlow, Ruth E. Married on October 24, 1936 to H. Wallace Fitts of Chester, N. H. They will reside at 595 Pine Street, Manchester, N. H. A daughter, Jean Carroll, was born July 8, 1936 to Mr. and Mrs. Bruno J. Thibeault of 21 Florence Street, Lawrence, Mass. The parents are graduates of Pinkerton Academy with the class of 1934. The mother was formerly Miss Nancy Messery.
Miss Pauline Spear has taken up the study of medicine at Boston University.



Exchanges



We are glad to be able to list again the following "Exchanges" for the year 1936-1937. Perhaps in our next issue we may find comments both favorable and unfavorable.

The Enterprise—Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

The Ray—Woodbury High School, Salem, N. H.

The Red and White—Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

The Netop—Turner Falls High School, Turner Falls, Mass.

Hi-News—Ludlow High School, Ludlow, Mass.

Station E. L. H. S.—Edward Little High School, Lewiston, Me.

Little Red School House—Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

Loudspeaker—Goffstown High School, Goffstown, N. H.

Blue and White—Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

Signboard—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

Aeges—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Taconic—Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.

Authentic—Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.

Mercury—Bellows Free Academy, St. Albans, Vermont.

Punch Harder—Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

Brewster—Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.



The Critic Staff

wishes you All

A

Very Merry

Christmas

National Tuberculosis Association

CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE

This is the thirtieth annual Christmas Seal Sale held in the United States.

Young people throughout the nation play an important part in the annual sale of Christmas Seals, conducted by the 1896 Tuberculosis Association throughout the country to finance their work in controlling Tuberculosis.

Many schools have formed their own health associations and have become a potent force in spreading the gospel that early discovery of Tuberculosis, plus prompt treatment, equals early recovery.

Although the death rate from Tuberculosis has been steadily declining during the past thirty years, since the first seals were sold, Tuberculosis still takes a greater toll than any other disease among young people between fifteen and twenty five years of age.

The 1936 Christmas Seals went on sale Thanksgiving Day. They depict a modern Santa Claus, symbol of good health, and carry a double-barred cross, the emblem of the Tuberculosis movement. These penny stickers will raise funds for further health protection among students in schools and colleges.

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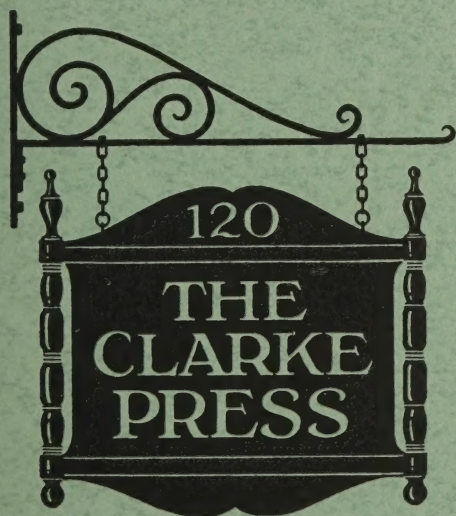
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